### NYEREVIEWS A BOOK

He Writes of the Biography of the Younger Brothers.

THEY WERE FOND OF THEIR FUN.

Also Largely Given to Prayer-The Awful Tales of Precipices and Prodigal Sons.

FOR THE SUNDAY HERALD. By special

There has been recently placed in my hands for review a rectangular, liver colored brochure, issued for the summer trade, which is a resume of the public services of the Younger brothers, who, as it will be remembered, were engaged for some years in soliciting donations of funds and goods for the use of persons in need, and who reside, when at home, mostly in Clay and Jackson counties,

The book is handsomely gotten up, though sold at twenty-five cents per volume, and breathes a spirit of kindliness and humanity which should teach us all a valuable lesson. I have read the



BOBBING INNOCENT PASSENGERS. mtire book carefully because I did not desire to judge it unfairly. My attention was especially called to it because

I had heard so much of the devout spirit manifested especially by Coleman Younger, both before and since his incarcera-It is only fair that the world should

know the truth about both the Youngers and the Jameses, and that while they were at times unconventional and almost rude they were really at heart refined and devout. Coleman Younger or Cole, as he was called by his publishers, who of course naturally feel most intimate with him, having no doubt often exchanged ideas with him as to methods of working that would be profitable without involving too much risk or brain fag, was the son of Henry Washington Younger, a native of Kentucky, who afterward moved to Jackson county, Mr. Younger, Sr., never did much, aside from becoming the father of the Younger brothers, that would serve to pass his name down in history. Having successfully done this he died suddenly by request of many citizens. The elder Younger, if such a term be proper, began to wield a lasting influence over his sons, however, before his death; for while Cole was at school he was quite rude, and sometimes fatally injured his playmates, in thoughtless glee, and as a result of pure animal spirits which he carried almost constantly concealed about his person. As a result of this the teacher threatened to whip Coleman. The elder Younger then informed the little pallid tutor that if he did so he, the elder Younger, would whip the little pale teacher. Many boys with parents like that have grown up, nto society, and at last put on th autiful tennis suits worn so extensively at Sing Sing. Later on, growing heated over a discussion with the teacher regarding the question whether "pollena" as or was not the correct orthography of the style of overskirt then being largely worn in Clay county, the Younger brothers inserted the tutor in the river, head first, through a hole in the ice, and left him there in a most compromising position. This was the origin of the expression "getting a man in a hole" which has since come into popular favor, having been used by Undertaker Merritt this mmer when Dr. McGonigal brought him the body of Annie Goodwin at 3 a. m. in his gig, and asked him to kindly

bury it for him. The tutor was pulled out by spectators finally, and he said then to those about him that if the Younger boys didn't do "different" they would come to a bad end, possibly several of such.

Cole Younger has become such an earn-est, consistent Christian since his incarceration in the penitentiary that his past ought not to be raked up here, except it be, perhaps, to show that he has had a great deal to overcome in trying to lead a Christian life in a penitentiary, where there are so many temptations to be frivolous and guy.

Some years ago there was a robbery on the Rock Island road, about fourteen miles east of Council Bluffs. Cole Younger and Jesse James planned to "throw" the east bound train at this point. It was in the drowsy dawn of a beautiful summer Sabbath that these now kindly and gentle natures pried up the ralls and let the flying engine plow into the cut and wreck the train. It was the sunrise of that Sabbath morning when poor Rafferty, the engineer, with ashy face and staring eyeballs turned toward the quiet sky, lay dead beneath his engine. He lies in an unknown grave today because he foolishly tried to reverse ine and save his train; whereas if his engine and save his train, whereas it he had been engaged in wrecking it people would have come for thousands of miles to see him and hear him tell how he found salvation and helped himself

The boys now had the train to them-selves. They began to feel in the pockets of comparative strangers, and get the time of day from people with whom they could have had but a slight acquaint-ance. Sometimes a lady who had never been robbed at all before, and who had ad the etiquette of the thing, would thoughtlessly shrick, but before she could apologize Mr. Younger, who it is said carried a Bible with him through all his

traia robbing career, and always had a good voice for exhortation, said: "Sit prayers, it is said, would have sounded canaway countressmented them and de-well even in the house of representatives clared they were persecuted for political & Co.

After the Rock Island train robbery the Youngers and Jameses scattered in order to avoid detection. Each took a peach basket full of gold watches, so that he would know what time it was, and started off in different directions. Curiously enough, four of them came to-gether, viz., Cole, Jim and John Younger and Moore.

The four outlaws had halted in a thick grove of trees to rest their horses, swap watches, and pray, when late in the afternoon two deputy sheriffs and a constable who were looking for the train robbers suddenly came upon them. In an instant Cole Younger took in the situation, and revolvers were drawn and leveled on the officers, says the narra-tor, while with terrible threats and oaths, indicating that if they did not hold their hands as high as possible they would, almost at once, look like the zodiac man in the front of the almanac, they were halted.

man Younger in a rich Union depot

"We are hunting for the Youngers, who robbed the train on the Rock Island road," said the deputy, who had once bright boy, of a little more than my own empaneled a jury, but aside from that age. His father was severe with him, had never mixed up much with carnage.

"You were!" exclaimed Coleman Younger. "Well, d—n you, pray!" He was almost morbid on the subject of prayer, Coleman Younger. He did much harm, I think, by suggesting it at the most inopportune times, and showed great intolerance that way. "What do you mean?" asked the trem-

bling wretch. "I mean you have just ten minutes by our large and choice assortment of watches to get ready for the other world, fresh young morning he lit out for home. and I don't want to send any man to the

other world unprepared." He was always that way. He did not he was yet a great way off, and knew want to see a deputy sheriff die in a him. Calling him in he had a large and crude state. Ten minutes soon passed, arrogant gobbler killed for him, and and then the men were blindfolded. They were not far from the steep bluffs old man telegraphed the sheriff and of the Missouri, some of which were 300 turned him over to the authorities, refeet high. The three men, with their ceiving therefor the reward not only of eyes bandaged, were taken to a cliff and swung ever it so that they caught by hundred dollars (\$800) in cash. their hands. Below was a perpendicular

"Hold on as long as you can," said the eccentric robber, "and when you fall that will be the end of you."

With that the helpless men were left. and above the turnultuous beating of their own hearts they heard the clatter of retreating hoofs. You can dimly imagine the horror of such a situation. The cold, glittering stars looked down upon them, but they saw them not. With bandaged eyes and sinking hearts they clung to the verge of life until their nerveless fingers one after another relaxed, and with a deep moan they fell to the bottom, a distance of nearly four

As soon as they recovered they went home with a feeling toward the Younger boys which almost amounted to resent-

The book is full of interest, and shows that the James and Younger people regard themselves as more sinned against than sinning. They always excused themselves for killing people on the ground that society had not treated them well. They foolishly kept alive the old war sentiment, and instead of burying their sectional animosities they allowed their strong political likes and dislikes to warp their better judgment.

John Younger was less dignified than a barroom at Dallas he was feeling quite chipper under the influence of Texas vintages when he proposed to shoot just near enough to brush the nose of an old gentleman who sat around the place. John made a bet with another man that he could do so without shooting off the dejected man sitting next to him. The bet was accepted, but greatly to the general regret, a regret which was also shared by the old man, John Why haven't you left long ago?"

The volume contains a good, full page dismally. "The landlady's my wife." picture of Jesse James taken after death. Chicago Tribune. It is well worth the price of the book, and has been a source of great comfort to many people who survive him.

It is doubtful if this country will ever again produce the same aggregation of highway robbing talent again. Mr. Gould, with his active little Western Union telegraph, did much to cut short the career of these men, and for this, if for nothing else, I feel for one like taking



him by the hand and saying to him, "Jay, you are the foe of crime, and with your justly celebrated electrical appliances, penetrating even to the heart of the forest and the depths of the desert, you place the burning brand of Cain upon the brow of the fleeing felon, till every child even seems to read it, and the warning thus precedes the arrival of the criminal."

The author save: "The fate of the Younger brothers should be a terrible lesson to Jackson, Clay and Callaway counties. Had they—the Youngers—not been petted and practically encouraged. at least had they not been harbored and their sins condoned because they were once with Quantrell, they might have been stopped early enough in their career to have made respectable men in society, instead of being doomed to pass their lives in prison. Who are to blame for a child being willful and disobedient? Its parents and guardians. The same is true of the outlaws. When the Youngers or Jameses were charged with a bank robbery, Clay county rose indignantly to denounce the charge, or declare that the robbers and murderers were being per-secuted because they had been under Quantrell's black flag. Thus encouraged they went on from bad to worse, robdown, dawn you! Keep still or you'll secuted because they had been under go to hell!" These are the words testified to by those present. Mr. Younger they went on from bad to worse, robalways read one of the Psalms just belong, plundering and killing, while many of the residents of Clay, Jackson and prayers, it is said, would have sounded Callaway counties shielded them and de-

All this may be true, but it is of little use, I find, to appeal to the moral nature of a county. It is a thankless task. You may talk to a county and appeal to its better nature till you are black in the face and it will not even feel ashamed

of itself. It is a good deal so with zongress. I have done much to prevent BEAUTY POLISH SAVING LABOR, CLEANLINESS, DUBABILITY & CHEAPNESS, UNEQUALLED NO ODOR WHEN HEATED. congress from bringing my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, but what has been the result? Members have gone on pairing with each other in a brain sap ping way, while as a body I can truth-

away by itself for a single moment to consider what I have said. Returning again to the subject of a tacit endowment of lawlessness on the part of communities or parents, I must say that they are the parties who suffer at last. Willful blindness to the defects and misdemeanors of a child especially brings its sorrowful reward to the "Where are you going?" asked Cole- parent at last, while careful and wholesome discipline are sure to pay the pains-

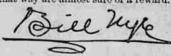
fully say that congress never even went

taking parent in the end. I once knew a dark haired lad whom I will call Henry Escariot. He was a and many a time and oft as I went in swimming with Henry I have seen parental welts on him as wide and

cerulean as the back of a filnefish. Henry used to steal movable things from my desk at school and barter them to others. He grew to manhood and stole a horse. He was arrested and tried and found guilty. Before he was sent to the penitentiary he got hold of a case knife, however, and with it he dug his way out. Taking a few whiffs of the

The next morning, while reading the paper, the old man espied Henry while while Henry ate this toothsome bird the a perfectly limpid conscience, but eight

So I say that parents who do their plain though painful duty by their children in that way are almost sure of a reward.



They Knew Him.

"Success in life may depend some what on circumstances, but it depends more on the individual," said Mr. Skute who is noted for his wealth and penuri-

"Just so," said Billson, one of the millionaire's audience. When I first came to this town I had half a crown. Now, what do you sup-

pose I did with it?" 'Oh, that's an easy one," said Billson. "Anybody who knows you, Skute, would know what you did with that half

"Well, what did I do with it?" "Why, you've got it yet."-Chatter.

During the Dry Season. Fanny (after ringing the door bell)-Just look at the dust on our shoes, Ethel. I hate to go into Mrs. Maldilame's parlor looking so

Ethel-Just turn your head the other way, Fanny. Fanny (two seconds later)-Why-ee! Coleman. He was more apt to be mer-curial, and also impulsive. One night in that was on your shows? that was on your shoes? Ethel (whispering)-On my stockings.

> Couldn't Escape. "Have you boarded long at this house?" inquired the new boarder of the sour,

'About ten years. "I don't see how you can stand it.

A Diplomatic Dodge. Willie-I can't come out, Dolph. Ma says I must stay in all the afternoon.

Dolph—Why don't you sit in the chair Mr. that squeaks and wiggles? She'll send you out quick enough then,-Munsey's

Weekly. Whipper-Why, my dear fellah, it's as plain as day. Anybody of common sense can see into it, don't yo know? Snapper-Indeed! Who explained it to you?-Puck.

> Love and Cards. The youth and maiden sat alone Upon the pebbled strand leade the sea, and in his own He held her bly hand.

He gazed into her sapphire eyes—
"I love you awest," he said:
The maiden answered him with sighs And blushing hung her head. He pressed the hand so soft and white.

He kissed the dimpied chin, And said, "if I play eards to night I know that I should win. "You asked me why, you shall be told:"

He pressed the fingers white; "I know I'd win because I hold A lovely hand to might."
- Hoston Courier.

A Sure Cure, Miss Flyrte-Oh, dear, Molly, I'm so blue. The whole world is upside down

with me today.

Miss Pert—Then why don't you stand on your head, my dear?-Somerville It Seemed Doubtful.

"Do you think my boy will make an artist?" asked Mr. McWatty of the drawing teacher.

'I fear not. He doesn't even seem able to draw a conclusion."-Yenowine's

> The Tennis Girl. The fairest of the fairies, she,
> The daintiest of doves,
> The prettiest of pictures,
> The loreliest of loves;
> Her face is like an angel's,
> Each hand is like a pearl—
> Most beautiful of creatures is
> The pretty tennis girl.

Her voice is like the Siren's song. Her words my heart entrance,
Her laughing eyes are full of love,
And charm with every glance;
Her distily feet in shoes of tan
My brain put in a whirl;
Liove her for her loveliness—

The pretty tennis girl.

The golden tresses like a frame
Surround her charming face,
And haif conceal and haif reveal
The neck of wondrous grace;
I tless the lucky breeze that plays
About each fruant curl,
And though she doesn't care for ms—
I love the tennis girl.
—G. P. Taggart in Newark (N. J.) Town Talk

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Dated August 28, 1890.

Cierk of the Probate Court.

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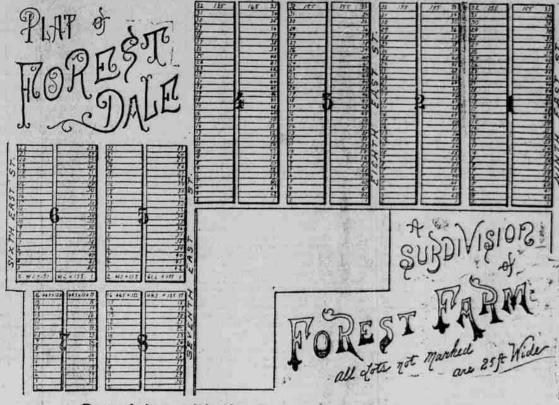
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